

Waffle Cone by TheDinosaurNerd

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Summary:

Nancy, sick and tired of seeing her brother withdrawn and depressed, takes him out to get some ice cream.

1. ice cream makes everything better

Saturday, June 16, 1984

When Nancy came down the stairs, she wasn't really surprised to find Mike curled up in the old blanket fort, supercomm in his hands. He must have been there all night, as the kid was passed out cold. Nancy gave a sad smile at the thought of her brother talking into his radio as if there was someone on the other end.

There could have been someone there, she reminded herself. Mike never did talk about how Eleven disappeared. Nancy didn't really see how, but she forced herself to at least consider the thought that the girl survived. For Mike's sake. Nancy almost didn't want to wake him up, but she supposed it would be worth it. (Maybe she'd even see him smile, for once.) She crouched down by the blanket fort and gently shook Mike awake. He groaned in exhaustion. "Uh... Nancy? Wha's going on?" He looked around, clearly disoriented.

"Come on, get up," said Nancy. Mike groaned again. Nancy rolled her eyes. "We're going to get some ice cream. Come on." At that, Mike raised his eyebrows. He sighed and nodded his head as Nancy walked towards the stairs.

Nancy and Mike walked down the sidewalk in downtown Hawkins. There was another ice cream place closer to their house, which their parents always took them to when they were younger, but the ice cream really wasn't that good. Nancy's favorite place was in town.

"Why are you doing this?" Mike asked.

Nancy raised an eyebrow. "What do you mean?"

"This. Taking me out. Hanging around with your annoying little brother."

Nancy shrugged. "I dunno... thought it would cheer you up a bit."

She knew she didn't have to elaborate.

"Ok..." said Mike. "But why ice cream? When I used to get upset, you'd just put on a movie and make some popcorn. This seems like a lot of effort."

Nancy sighed and slowed down. "I... Barb used to take me out for ice cream. Whenever my grades were down, or the guy I liked started dating someone, she'd bring me down to this shop and buy us ice cream. It always helped me out, so..."

They were both silent after that.

The ice cream shop was nice and quiet. The owner nodded at them, having served Nancy many times over the years. "Hey there, Wheeler," she said. "The usual, I assume?" Nancy nodded. The owner looked at Mike. "Don't think we've met before. What can I get you this fine day?" she said, smiling. He ordered, clearly trying to avoid human contact, and went to find a table. As Nancy went to join him, the owner spoke up again. "And Wheeler? The police are still looking for your friend, right? I hope they find her."

Nancy swallowed and nodded, wearing a false smile.

They had been sitting in silence for several minutes. Mike had barely looked at his ice cream, much less eaten any of it. Something was on his mind. "You alright?" asked Nancy. Mike sighed. He looked up at her, and there were tears in his eyes. "I... I lied, Nancy. Last November." Nancy raised her eyebrows, and placed her hand on his. Mike continued; "I do like Eleven. Or, did. Whatever." Nancy looked at him and sighed, tired of her brother's depression. "Hey, Mike. Tell me about her," she said. Mike frowned. "What?" he asked. Nancy rolled her eyes. "Eleven, you moron. You've never really told me what she's like." Mike looked surprised for a moment, before actually, genuinely smiling.

He told her about El's powers, about how she flipped a van and killed a monster and threw Lucas and made Troy piss himself and everything. He told her about El's wonder at even the smallest things, about how she could get a point across with so few words, about her amusing obsession with Eggos. Eventually, the two siblings were both laughing together, as if life was going their way for once. And, in a way, it was.

After Mike and Nancy had been there for a while, the conversation slowed down. Mike, although he looked happier than Nancy had seen him in a while, was starting to get down again. As Nancy finished off her ice cream, she got an idea.

"Hey." Mike looked up at his sister. "When El gets back, I'll bring the two of you back here. I promise. Alright?" Mike nodded enthusiastically. "I think she'd like that."

Notes for the Chapter:

Next chapter will have actual Mileven, I promise.

Comments are welcome.

2. ice cream isn't for mouthbreathers

Summary for the Chapter:

A few months after Eleven's return, Nancy follows up on a promise.

Notes for the Chapter:

Obviously, minor spoilers for season 2. But let's be honest, if you haven't seen it already, what are you doing here?

Saturday, June 15, 1985

Nancy checked Mike's room first, then mentally slapped herself; of course he wouldn't be in his own room. The kid was always in the basement anyways. When she came down the stairs and saw them, she had to take a moment to appreciate just how adorable they were.

Mike and Eleven were curled up on the couch, fast asleep. They were both still in their pajamas, El's head resting on Mike's shoulder, their hands interlocked between them. On the table in front of them lay a number of VHS tapes. They must have stayed up all night marathoning all the movies El hadn't seen; the TV was still on. Nancy stood there for a moment before moving to wake them up. As she walked across the basement, the floor creaked loudly, and El's head snapped up, eyes wide with fear. Nancy threw her hands up. "Hey, it's just me. It's okay," she whispered. El relaxed and smiled at her. Nancy shook Mike awake. "Come on, we're going out," she said, smiling. "Get your shit together."

Mike headed upstairs while El pulled some clothes out of the bag Hopper lent her for sleepovers. Nancy went up to wait for the kids in

the living room. After a short minute, El came up from the basement, fully dressed, with a nervous smile on her face.

“Nancy.”

The teen raised her eyebrows. “Yeah?”

“Pretty?” El asked quietly.

Nancy knew that El’s vocabulary had improved a lot since ’83, but she still occasionally reverted back to her old ways. It was as adorable as it was heartbreaking. Nancy chuckled at the lovable little girl. “Well, I don’t know if I’m the right person to ask, but... I think so.” Eleven grinned at that. “Now, why don’t you go make some waffles or something. I’ll wait for Mike.” El wandered off to the kitchen, where Mrs. Wheeler appeared to be trying to feed Holly.

Mike Wheeler was panicking. He was basically going on a date with El. An actual *date*. The Snow Ball was kind of a date, but all their friends were there. This time, it was just them. Sure, Nancy would be there, but still. Practically anything could go wrong. What if the bad men showed up? What if the Demogorgon showed up? What if Troy or Billy showed up? What if *Dustin* showed up? What if-

“Mike! What the hell is taking you so long? Get your ass down here!” his sister shouted from downstairs. Mike sighed. “COMING!” he practically screamed back. His anxiety would have to wait.

He found Nancy waiting at the bottom of the stairs, looking partly annoyed and partly amused. “You coming?” she asked.

“Where’s El?”

Nancy nodded towards the living room, where El was biting into an Eggo.

“Where are we going?”

Nancy smirked. “You’ll see.”

“Are you sure this is a good idea? Did you check with Hopper?”

Nancy rolled her eyes. She loved her little brother, sure, but why the hell couldn't he just calm down for a while? “Yes, *Michael*, I checked with Hopper. He said that one day out on the town couldn't hurt.”

Finally, Mike seemed to relax a little. “Thanks, Nancy. You don't have to do this, you know.”

Nancy chuckled and ruffled her brother's hair. “Just keeping a promise.”

Mike and El walked a few feet ahead of Nancy, hand in hand (as always). Nancy couldn't help but smile at them.

They're cute, Barb's voice echoed in the back of her head. Nancy sighed. She thought about Barb a lot; although she was happy for Mike, she found herself feeling slightly jealous.

You're a good sister for doing this, the voice said. Nancy shook her head, dismissing the thought. She didn't need the praise.

“Have you ever had an ice cream cone, El?” asked Mike, smiling giddily at her. El shrugged. “I've had ice cream. But not cone.” She remembered cones from when Hopper taught her some basic geometry, and couldn't figure out what that had to do with ice cream. She was sure Mike would explain it.

The three kids were standing in the ice cream shop in town. Mike and Nancy ordered their ice cream, and El whispered her order to Nancy, who repeated it to the shop owner. “Oh, and, uh... make that last one a waffle cone.” Nancy turned to El and winked, as her eyes and smile widened.

El was very disappointed to find out that waffle cones were not actually made from Eggos. But the ice cream was pretty damn delicious, and the cone wasn't even that bad either. El turned to look at Mike, and had to force herself not to laugh at how he had gotten ice cream on his nose without noticing it. When he noticed El staring at him, he frowned. "What?" he asked. He turned to Nancy, who snorted and nearly choked. "What?" Mike asked again. By now, the other two had started giggling uncontrollably. "There's, uh, something on your nose there, Mike," she managed to get out. Mike narrowed his eyes, and brought a finger up to his nose. His face went stoic in a strange moment of realization, before he too started laughing.

And so, as three kids devolved into a laughing fit, the town of Hawkins, Indiana went about its normal weekend business as usual, and somewhere on the other side, something dark loomed over a dead and decrepit reflection of that small town.

Notes for the Chapter:

Thanks to all you wonderful folks out there for giving this fic all the attention it's gotten over the past.. two days. Having written for mostly obscure fandoms until now, it's kinda weird to see so many people liking this. This is the longest fic I've written so far, and the first I've done with any proper ships, so I'm glad everyone has enjoyed it.